

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

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5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT.
THIS DAY, Oct. 14, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Overture, *The Wood Nymphs* (Sterndale Bennett); "Hymn to Happiness," *Lelio* (Berlioz); Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (Brahms)—first time in England; "Waldwehen," *Siegfried* (Wagner); Walther's Prize Song, "Die Meistersinger" (Wagner); Symphony No. 7, in A (Beethoven). Vocalist—Mr Edward Lloyd. Piano—Mr Oscar Beringer. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable Tickets for Seats at the Twenty-five Concerts, Two Guineas and One Guinea; Single Seats, 2s., 1s., and 6d.

THE PADDINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1881.

President—SIR ROBERT P. STEWART, Mus. Doc.

CONDUCTOR—MR M. ST JOHN ROBINSON.

UNDER very distinguished Patronage this Society has RECOMMENCED ITS WEEKLY REHEARSALS for the Second Winter Season. The next Concert will be given in November. Ladies and Gentlemen desiring to become Active or Honorary Members are requested to address—THE CONDUCTOR, at 5, Blomfield Crescent, Westbourne Terrace, W.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS at SWANSEA, Oct. 19, will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, illustrating the Progress of Music from the 16th to the 19th Century, with LECTURE on "Ancient Notation and the Errors of WELSH Historians"—the Vocal Music from the National Songs of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P., will preside. The Grand Piano, sent expressly for the Recital, by Messrs Broadwood & Sons.

MADAME MARIE ROZE'S CONCERT TOUR, under the direction of Mr H. T. Bywater, will commence on MONDAY, Oct. 30. For full particulars address—MR BYWATER, The Retreat, Wolverhampton.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON begs to announce that she will be at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS during February Next, and requests all communications to be addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 221, Regent Street, W.

MR HÄNDEL GEAR begs to acquaint his Friends and Pupils that he has RETURNED to Town. 69, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

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THIS popular Quartet will be sung by Members of Mr ST JOHN ROBINSON'S "PADDINGTON CHORAL SOCIETY," at Mr Robinson's Musical Réunion, to be held on Thursday Afternoon next, Oct. 19, at No. 5, Blomfield Crescent.

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HUGH CLENDON'S new Patriotic Song, "GRASP THE FLAG," will be sung at every Military Banquet during the Season.

NEW BASS OR BARITONE SONG BY CHARLES SALAMAN.
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ARAB SONG.

The Words by

MALCOLM CHARLES SALAMAN

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The Music by

CHARLES SALAMAN.

"We always approach with respect a work by Messieurs Salaman—*père et fils*. 'Zahra,' an Arab song, the words by Malcolm Charles Salaman, the music by Charles Salaman, is very uncommon, and bears the stamp of a practical poet and a profound musician."—*Graphic*.

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"FLOWERS OF MEMORY."

MR HERBERT REEVES will sing his new Song, "FLOWERS OF MEMORY," at Darlington, Oct. 16; at Middlesborough, 19; at Wakefield, 23; and at St James's Hall, Nov. 16.

"DOLLY'S WOOLERS."

MISS MAUD CAMERON will sing HILLER's new Song, "DOLLY'S WOOLERS," composed expressly for her, at Peckham, Oct. 18.

"DAN CUPID."

MISS MADELINE HARDY will sing HILLER's new Song, "DAN CUPID," at King's Cross, on October 26th.

Just Published.

GRASP THE FLAG!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Words by CARLEON.

Music by

HUGH CLENDON.

"Grasp the flag! We fight for England!

Grasp the flag and clear the way;

English men will English honour

Keep untarnished as the day.

Though opposing foes a barrier

Wall of iron should oppose;

English pluck and English daring

Front the steel, nor failure knows!"

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"The victory of our arms in Egypt gives some *actualité* to this spirited song. As its title announces, it is decidedly martial. The words, by Carleon, are simple and vigorous, and easily singable, while the music is stirring and melodious enough to make 'Grasp the Flag' a popular patriotic song."—*Lloyd's Newspaper*.

INCONSTANCY.

SONG.

Poetry by J. LODGE ELLERTON.

Music by

FRANK D'ALQUEN.

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ALICE.

TRANSCRIPTION FOR THE

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By

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FANTASIE MARZIALE.

MORCEAU DE SALON,

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By

LILLIE ALBRECHT.

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"Miss Lillie Albrecht, the clever young pianist, has just published a new piece, which we venture to predict will earn well-deserved popularity, and add to the fame of Miss Albrecht as a rising and meritorious composer. The piece is entitled 'Fantasie Marziale,' morceau de salon."—*Life*.

"'Fantasie Marziale' is a brilliant pianoforte piece by Lillie Albrecht, the accomplished young pianist, who knows how to write effectively for, as well as to play well on, the instrument. The principal theme is spirited and is well contrasted by an episode or trio, of a more cantabile character."—*The Illustrated London News*.

LA POMPA DI FESTA. Grande Marche, pour Piano, à Quatre Mains. Par IGNACE GIBSONE. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"HER VOICE."

"HER VOICE." IGNACE GIBSONE's popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by Mme ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 629.)

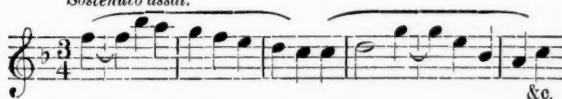
The *finale* to the second act begins with the entry of the State minister, attendants, people, and prisoners. The chorus first sing "Hail to the day! the door of the prison-grave is open." This, after introductory chords, is to a simple strain:

Ex. 224.

Allegro vivace.

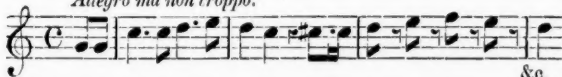
which comes to a half-close, and is followed by another with a full close and a coda. Fernando's address to the people and prisoners is recitative in time; it is declamation in music. A pause in his address is filled up by a repetition of a phrase of the chorus, "Hail to the day" (Ex. 224). Again Fernando speaks, and is interrupted by the entry of Rocco with Florestan and Leonora. Rocco brings the pair to Fernando, and tells their tale to him. It is not a simple narrative, but is made a dialogue by the constant interruptions of the others by question and ejaculation. Pizarro tries in vain to stop him; Fernando will hear it all. He is astonished to see Florestan, whom he thought dead—the noble fellow who strove for truth. Leonora and Marcellina have their words to say, and the chorus has a cry: "Punished be the wicked one." After the story is told, Fernando has one word more, to direct first Pizarro and then, instead of him, Leonora, to take the chains off Florestan; and the action of the drama is all over. The whole of this part of the scene, from the beginning of Fernando's speech, is comprised in a fantasia section, like the second part of a sonata. It is the action of the scene, and throughout there is change of idea and change of key and rhythm. At the close of this part, when action is done, and settled idea, by meditation, begins again, there is also return to settled key and rhythmic form. All (save Pizarro) thank God and attribute justice to his ways. This is set to a rhythmic melody in F, first divided between the principal voices and the orchestra, and afterwards given, with some changes, by all, together with the chorus.

Ex. 225.

Sostenuto assai.

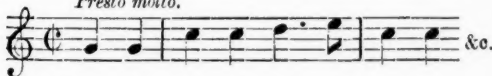
At the close of this they praise the noble wife, Leonora, for all her brave deeds. This is expressed in an air repeated in ballad fashion and with variations in the accompaniment.

Ex. 226.

Allegro ma non troppo.

First it is given by the chorus, with a second strain divided between Florestan, Leonora, and the chorus. Next, the air is given by Florestan with a different effect in the orchestra and an ejaculatory accompaniment of the men of the chorus. Next, it is given by Leonora with new words, "Love hath rent thy bonds," the other principal voices accompanying her with the original words, and yet another orchestral accompaniment. Following this is a coda, worked out of the same idea (Ex. 226) in quicker time, recomposed and extended.

Ex. 227.

Presto molto.

It is sung by all the solos and the chorus, sometimes in alternation, sometimes together; and the union of all voices brings the opera to an end.

Form, in an opera, consists then in the designed and justly balanced alternation of restfulness and changefulness of idea,

both musical and poetical, with tonal or key-form to strengthen or make clearer the design of the ideas. These ideas are expressive partly of feelings and partly of the actions which are either the cause or the effect of those feelings. Some say that meditation is not wanted in a drama—that action is wanted, and nothing but action; and, as a consequence, there should be no settled key-forms, but a continual free fantasia or second part aided by the lamp-lights of *leit-motiv*.* But do we not want to know what the different characters think, as well as what they do? It concerns us very much who are in the audience to know that Pizarro is enraged and terrified at the thought of the coming of the State minister, and his possible discovery of Florestan, the prisoner. How else should we know the reason of his dastardly plan to murder his chained prisoner? If we do not know Leonora's thoughts we should be as much in the dark as to her identity as were the gaoler and his daughter and Jacquino, and should lose all the growing interest of the opera from the overture up to her declaration, "Kill first his wife!" We should lose for all that time the sympathy which we have for the brave, struggling wife, who, when he who should have been her protector was rendered helpless and suffering, was enabled, by the strength of her love, to be his protector and saviour. All honour to the rough man, Beethoven, who chose for his ideal woman one whom love made strong, instead of the usual operatic ideal woman whom love makes weak—proof enough, in a woman's eyes, of Beethoven's own nobleness of character.

Music is to portray and express the emotions, and some emotions require time for their portrayal. Pizarro's revenge is a feeling that has been in his mind for years; surely some little time is necessary to show it to the audience. Leonora's hope has borne her up for two years of anxiety and wandering. Florestan's thoughts of his own integrity in the past and his dream of Leonora have been his only companions in all this long time of darkness. Reflection is the truest expression of such lasting thoughts as these. They cannot be dismissed in a phrase or two, and if the words which express them are short, the music must carry out the fulness of the ideas and of the way in which the thoughts come again and again into the mind, now from this direction, now from that.

It is not only the feelings of the persons in the drama that require time for expression, for in some cases the restful idea is one of action—of continued action in the same direction. For instance, in the grave-digging duet the continued action of preparation is to be expressed. In the prison-quartet the persistent action of Pizarro in his efforts to murder Florestan, and Leonora's constant efforts to prevent him, justify the use of formal design, while the manifold ideas within the set purpose of the two justify the freedom of its treatment.

What more appropriate means could there be of expressing a lasting thought, whether of action or of feeling, than the use of a rhythmic movement or portion of a movement, which, by its extension of one musical idea, extends and makes more lasting the emotion of which it is the expression.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

CASSEL.—The inauguration of Spohr's statue, which had been fixed for the 23rd ult., has been postponed till next April. The statue is ready, but the Swedish granite, destined to form the pedestal, is still untouched by the chisel.

MOSCOW.—Max Erdmannsdorfer, from Sondershausen, who has accepted a professorship at the Conservatory, together with the post of conductor at the concerts of the Society of Music, has entered upon his new duties. His wife, the well-known pianist, Pauline Fichtner-Erdmannsdorfer, must, doubtless, have felt gratified.

* There is something small and puny in this application of the word *motive* to that which is little more than a theatrical gag without its fun. We have seen the same smallness in a journal of needlework, "motive in Russian point": a pattern of lace stitch. We are in danger of forgetting the grand English meaning of the moral motive—the moving power of a man's actions, the thought which draws his character towards good or towards evil, and which may be the wreck or the salvation of his whole life. Far better than the musical mis-use of the word is that of the painters, who apply it to the whole ideal subject of a painting—that which gives it poetical meaning and raises it above mere technical workmanship.—O. P.

THE FUTURE OF ITALIAN OPERA.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Allow me a few words on this subject. First, we are asked why artists should be brought to London to sing to us in a language understood only by a small part of the audience. The answer is that there is no living language, except Italian and Latin (which cannot be called dead), so well adapted phonetically and mechanically to music. In English the recurrence of the letter "s" is terrible, as everyone has heard in the dismal hiss of an oratorio of Handel; and English is not spoken with the open mouth of Italian. In French there is, among others, the difficulty of the "e" mute, as in "*belle*." In Italian "*bella*" is a perfect musical word. Perhaps your readers are not aware to what an extent the "poet" of an opera has been bullied by singers, who insist on having particular words which they consider favourable to their voice. It is true there is the word "*si*," but there the open, broad "*i*" makes up for the "*s*." Where can we find in English such musical words as these in *Semiramide*—"*Bella immagine degli dei*;" and in *Otello*—"*La dolce sprema fuggi dal cor*?" Translate it—"Sweet hope fled from my heart;" "sweet" cannot be sung. The beauty of Italian singing is that the words combine homogeneously with the notes. I will only quote another passage from *Semiramide*:—"In odio al cielo, in odio al ciel tu sei: Ma sei mia madre, ma sei mia madre ancor." The "*s*" in "*sei*" is followed by the open "*ei*," and the words are music. Then, take the open mouth in *Te Deum laudamus* and *Magnificat Anima mea Dominum*. But the words must be pronounced *ere rotundo*, like Italian. We have heard the songous and powerful voice and Roman pronunciation of Pio IX. chant from the gallery of St Peter's, "*Benedicite vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*." No other language except Italian could fully display such a volume of melodious sound.

The next question is why we have not now the great singers of Italy whom we, many of us, remember. The land of Guido, the Monk of Arezzo, must always contain great musical talent and science. But where are the great singers? Fra Giovanni, the Franciscan, was the last illustrious tenor, and he died young a few years ago. Italy has not now a great European artist to sing the divine compositions of the masters. Why so?

It will, perhaps, be admitted that political agitation and revolution, the feverish excitement of factions, the struggle for existence, the greediness for money, the violence of partisans, and the discouragement and persecution and oppression of religion are not favourable to high art.

There is another cause for the want of great singers—I mean an enormous standing army maintained by the conscription. This calamity must injure every branch of the fine arts. I am convinced that if you were to search the ranks of the Italian Army you would find men with splendid voices and all the qualities of a great artist serving as common soldiers. You would find there also the "mute, inglorious Milton," and men intended by nature for the highest departments of art and science. Let us beware ourselves.—Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BOWYER.

Oct. 5.

THE VOICE OF ONE WE LOVE.

There is one sound that's ne'er forgot,
Though years betwixt may rove,
Though joy or sorrow be our lot,
The voice of one we love!

From infancy to end of time,
As on thro' life we move,
The echo of that voice will chime
The voice of one we love!

* Copyright.

It is as music wondrous sweet
Sent to us from above; [beat
When heard our hearts with rapture
The voice of one we love!

Through sickness, poverty and pain,
This fact 'twill always prove:
It cheers us, soothes us, the refrain,
The voice of one we love!

EMILY JOSEPHS.

STOCKHOLM.—The centenary of the opening of the Theatre Royal was celebrated on the 30th ult. The proceedings commenced with a "Festival Overture" by L. Normann. This was followed by a Prologue by Professor Nyblom, and illustrated with nine *tableaux vivants* of groups from the most popular operas, tragedies, comedies, and melodramas. The final tableau represented the apotheosis of Gustavus III., founder of the theatre. The prologue was spoken by Mlle Borkagren, in the character of Thalia. Then came *Cora and Alonzo*, a three-act opera, by G. G. Adlerbeth (founded on Mar-montel's *Incas ou la destruction de l'Empire du Pérou*), music by Naumann, with which, performed by the members of the Royal Academy of Music, the theatre was first opened on the 30th September, 1782, in presence of the King, &c.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

Having brought his provincial tour to a successful end, Mr J. L. Toole was at home again on Saturday night, with a theatre full of staunch admirers, and ringing with applause and laughter. Dramatic London, in the absence of the comedian who may be called everybody's favourite, is sensibly incomplete, and this, no doubt, lent vigour to the welcome Mr Toole received. His coming back marked the re-opening of a fountain of bright and healthy amusement; for the mirth Mr Toole calls forth is that which need never be ashamed of itself; and the pleasure of the crowded audience simply represented the just satisfaction of all who love drama that neither perverts nor sullies. Mr Byron's comedy, *The Upper Crust*, again occupied the place in the bills with which it has so long been familiar; doing so now, however, only as a stop-gap during the rehearsals of a new piece by Mr Pinero. That there is no actual need to put *The Upper Crust* on the shelf was made clear by unquestionable evidence of continued life. Its humours moved the house as readily as when they first stirred up laughter; and we hardly exaggerate in stating that every act was played to a continued accompaniment of spontaneous mirth. So much freshness where it was reasonable to expect the staleness that comes of familiarity may be credited in great part to a performance of exceptional merit. The comedy has seldom or never been played with such unflagging spirit and vivacity as on Saturday night. It had not a dull moment, nor one in which the audience felt conscious of a relaxed hold upon their amused attention. As the cast was that of last season, it is superfluous to say that there were no weak points in it, and equally needless to enter into particulars. Enough that the Lady Boobleton of Miss Emily Thorne, the Sir Robert of Mr Garden, and the Lord Hesketh of Mr Billington were again recognized as in all respects worthy to be associated with Mr Toole's inimitable Doublechick. Nor could the services of Miss Ada Mellon, Miss Effie Liston, Mr Ward, and Mr Shelton be overlooked. They completed an *ensemble* which use and wont, combined with no mean art, have perfected.

The comedy was followed by a new musical piece in one act, entitled *Mr Guffin's Elopement*, the joint production of Mr Arthur Law and Mr George Grossmith. A new development has begun, it seems, at Toole's Theatre, and—the audience had Mr Toole's own word for it on Saturday night—threatens portentous expansion. "We shall get on to Italian opera next season," said the genial manager; nevertheless, the initial step is a modest one, and need not give Mr Gye cause for immediate alarm. Dramatically speaking, *Mr Guffin's Elopement* presents the slightest of sketches. The hero—represented, of course, by Mr Toole himself—turns up at a country inn, where he has arranged to meet a romantic widow (Mrs Trundel) for the purpose of a secret marriage. Having floundered through a bog on his way, he presents himself in a pitiable plight, and is suspected of burglarious proclivities by Susan, a waitress of strong imagination. Presently comes, thirsting for vengeance, Mr Collingwood Hannibal Trumpington Sampson, cousin, lover, and trustee of the fair widow. He does not recognize Mr Guffin, and invites that gentleman to enter into the fun on hand, showing him a choice selection of whips destined for the person of his rival. In due course Mrs Trundel appears, and an explosion seems imminent. Happily, however, Mr Guffin sees the landlady, Miss Crump, an old and unforgotten "flame." Incontinently he reverts to his first love, Mr Sampson takes the widow, and, rounding matters off, Policeman Robert Beate, sent for to arrest the supposed burglar, captures Susan instead. The burden of this little piece mainly rests upon the shoulders of Mr Toole, who bears it as lightly as, from its character, may be assumed. Nothing can be funnier than his setting forth of Mr Guffin's perplexities and terrors, more especially in the scene with the vengeful Sampson, where affected enjoyment of the sport in prospect struggles hard with the very real fright of the too conscious victim. The musical numbers of importance are three, namely, a song for Susan as she speculates upon the vocation of her destined husband, a duet for Sampson and Guffin, and a song wherein the personage last named recounts the legend of "The Speaker's Eye." In each case Mr Grossmith's music is bright and tripping, full of humour and "go," as, under such circumstances, music should be. "The Speaker's Eye" will soon take rank with the most popular of comic effusions, doing so none the less readily because it touches one of the burning questions of the hour. It would be hardly fair to disclose the "argument" of the ditty. Let those who enjoy a laugh go and hear it sung, with admirable humour and skill, by the actor among whose successes it already counts. Mr Toole was well supported by Miss Thorne as Miss Crump; Miss Eliza Johnstone as Mrs Trundel; and Mr Ward as Sampson; the part of Susan falling to Miss Isa Marsden, a *débutante* whose personal advantages and good voice promise well when the nervousness natural to her position has worn off.—D. T.

BALFE.

The unveiling of the monumental tablet in memory of Michael William Balfé, erected in the Abbey Church of St Peter, Westminster, will take place on Friday next, October 20th, the anniversary of his death, after evening service at 3 o'clock p.m. That permission should have been granted to raise this tribute to the most tuneful of modern English composers reflects the highest credit on the Dean of Westminster; and to the Very Reverend cleric and Chapter of the Abbey the warmest thanks of all friends of Balfé and all lovers of our national music are due. I have seen a photograph of the tablet, which is surmounted by an oval medallion portrait of the composer, in high relief. The inscription simply recites the dates and places of Balfé's birth and death, and that he was a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France, and a Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain. In his own country he was not even a "Mus. Doc."—G. A. S.—*Illustrated News*.

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KENNEDY AND SCOTTISH CHRISTIANITY.

(From a Dundee Correspondent).

The extraordinary enthusiasm with which Dundee welcomes Mr Kennedy and his family is a sign of the times. There have always been in Scotland not a few—Scottish Episcopalians chiefly and "Moderates"—who have refused to abstain from innocent amusements. The true-blue Presbyterian and all the more pronounced evangelicals have eschewed all mirth, all places of secular pleasure. A flower show, or a bazaar for religious purposes, has been the limit of a Seceder's folly. A Free Kirk elder, indeed, might sometimes be seen, so it was said, in a London theatre when there on a "deputation," or as a railway witness, but that was generally understood to be a mere spiteful and unfounded scandal. But Mr Kennedy, like Jeannie Deans, may do anything he likes, and sing anything he likes, and reverend Presbyters and the most sanctimonious elders, and the most dour and circumspect maiden ladies laugh until their "sides are sair." No doubt Mr Kennedy is careful to make his entertainment of the very best kind. He does not go beyond *Tam o' Shanter* and "Green grow the Rashes, O." Still, it is delightful to see the most straitlaced and devout captivated with the humour and the pathos of Robert Burns. There has, we fear, been a sad misunderstanding in Scotland of the true use of laughter. Mr Gladstone, a grave Scotchman, who, if he had not been Prime Minister, would certainly have been Archbishop of Canterbury, leaves the cares of an Empire, and laughs like the rest of the world at the delightful nonsense of twenty love-sick maidens in *Patience*. Surely if so devout and serious a statesman as Mr Gladstone refreshes himself with such an amusement, the rest of us may not allow our consciences to accuse us for following his example. It is a delight to the nation to know that the venerable Prime Minister can enjoy an hour of such perfect rest and relaxation. But we all go, as a matter of course, to hear Kennedy; and the effect of his mirth has been altogether beneficial.

The fact that a man so well known as a warm friend of Sabbath Schools that his own girls and boys are always seen in the church choir wherever he goes, proves that he is in sympathy with all that is best in Scottish Christian life. His very sorrows have endeared him to all who have borne bereavement; and there is no fireside but has one vacant chair. All this gives a meaning and an emphasis to the effect of his mirth, which is doing not a little to liberate our national Puritanism from its artificial and pernicious portentousness, and to restore to Scottish Christianity the naturalness and innocent mirth displayed by John Knox. The sour sanctimoniousness of some evangelicals and revivalists is a caricature of the seriousness of the early reformers, as well as an utter misrepresentation of Him whose first miracle was to turn water into wine at the marriage festival at Cana. The gloomy visage, the whining voice, and the total absence of mirthfulness display only a lack of joyful, healthful Christian life.

The creation of artificial sins stains the conscience of the young with supposed faults, and ultimately prevents right and wrong from being clearly distinguished. Not the least advantage of Mr Kennedy's life has been to destroy the remaining vestiges of this pernicious cant. He has indeed done much to improve congregational singing; he has, with his children, mingled in the Sabbath School life of both Scotland and America; and best of all, he has proved that mirth and laughter are not only innocent, but that the highest and best, the most earnest men and the noblest women in Scotland, by their appreciation of his delightful entertainments, can not only share in the pathos, but enjoy the laughter-giving mirth.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A revolution has just taken place in theatrical and operatic management in this city. Messrs Coppin, Greville, and Hennings, who for many years past have been lessees of the Theatre Royal, have retired from that position; Mr Frederick Marshall, the comedian, has abandoned management at the Princess Theatre; and Mr Musgrove has relinquished the office of sole *impressario* at the Prince of Wales Operahouse. Messrs Coppin & Co. and Mr Marshall retired on account of their leases having expired. The outcome of all this is that a partnership has been entered into by Mr J. C. Williamson, Mr Arthur Garner, and Mr Musgrove, and that those gentlemen are now the joint managers of the three houses of which I have spoken. The Theatre Royal was opened under the new management, on the 1st July, with Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*, which ran till the 11th inst. The principal members of the company were Miss Alice Rees (*Patience*), Miss Fanny Liddiard (*Lady Angela*), Mr H. Vernon (*Bunthorne*), Mr G. Verdi (*Grosvenor*), and Signor Riccardi (*Calverly*). The musical director was Signor Giorza. *The Pirates of Penzance* was reproduced by the same company on the 12th inst., and is to run for a week, after which a dramatic season will be commenced, the first performance being *Hamlet*, in which Miss Louise Pomeroy will play the part of the "melancholy Dane."

Miss Emilie Melville, an old Melbourne favourite, who has recently re-visited Australia, has been appearing for some weeks past at the Prince of Wales Operahouse. She has already appeared in *La Perichole*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, and *Les Cloches de Corneville*. The last-named opera is at present being performed. In the third act Miss Melville interpolated Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle Lark." Miss Jennie Lee is the bright particular star of the Princess's just now; but it is understood that after the dramatic season at that house is brought to a close, on the 26th inst., Miss Melville will remove from the Operahouse to the Princess's. The leading artists assisting Miss Melville (*Serpolette*), are Miss Nellie Stewart (*Germaine*), Mr Armes Beaumont (*Grenicheux*), Mr T. S. Casselli (*Gobo*), Mr E. Farley (*Henri*), Mr E. Kelly (*Gaspard*) and Mr G. Leopold (*the Bailie*). Mr C. Van Ghele is the musical director, and Mr T. Zeplin the leader of the orchestra.

Messrs Dunning and Wallace have just arrived from Europe with an opera company, who will open in a few weeks at the Operahouse. The principal members of the troupe are Miss Kate Chard, *prima donna*, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company; Miss Annette Ivanova, from the Alhambra Theatre company, Leicester Square, London; Miss Agnes Mitchell, from Booth's Theatre, New York, and the Strand Theatre, London; Mr Knight Aston, late of the Alhambra; Mr Guillaume Loredan, from the London opera and opera-bouffe theatres; Mr Dean Brand, late of Mr D'Oyley Carte's opera-bouffe companies; Mr Edgar, from the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; and Mr T. B. Appleby, late of the Opera Comique, and the Olympic Theatre, London. It is stated that Messrs Dunning and Wallace have brought with them a number of novelties for Australia, amongst them *Boccaccio* (Von Suppé), *Manteaux* (Bucalossi), *Monopole*, and *Le Jour et la Nuit* (Lecocq).

The Mastodon Minstrels have had a good season at St George's Hall. With the aid of some members of the dramatic profession they are now playing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The bi-weekly Organ Recitals at the Town Hall, by Mr D. Lee, the city organist, are as attractive as ever.

Melbourne, 14th August, 1882.

J. L. T. F.

BERLIN (*Correspondence*).—Stern's Vocal Association will resume their concerts on the 4th November with a Mendelssohn commemoration, in which Joseph Joachim has promised to take part. In the course of the winter the Association will give Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, a Mass by Cherubini, and Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The Italian season at the Philharmonie, just over, has been successful. Several of the artists have become great favourites, especially Varesi, whom some of the leading critics declare one of the finest exponents of the lyric drama, both for singing and acting, known for many years.—Teresina Tua has been playing here, delighting everyone. She gave her farewell concert at Kroll's on the 1st inst.—Y. L.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 4.

1785.

(Continued from page 613.)

The Hanover Square concert, now for the first time styled the "Professional Concert," it being undertaken by a company of professors, began the same evening. Harrison and Tenducci were the singers. Fischer's oboe concerto was replete with taste and expression, and the veteran Abel, who had recovered from a severe indisposition, performed a solo on the viol di gamba with his accustomed elegance and sensibility.

Abel, who had for many years made large libations at the shrine of Bacchus, had ruptured a small blood vessel, which confined him for some time. During this illness he was ordered by his physician to keep in bed, and to abstain from wine. The latter injunction mortified him extremely. When the doctor made his daily visit, Abel, with great anxiety, asked him of what colour the saliva was, when, if he replied that it was red, Abel would sink his head on his pillow and exclaim in despair, "Oh! I shall never taste my beloved old hock again!" On a future day, however, Abel having put the usual question to the physician, and receiving for answer that it was white, cried out in an ecstasy of joy, "Ah! tank Got! I shall taste my beloved old hock once more!"

Their Majesties honoured the oratorios at Drury Lane Theatre with their presence on the six Fridays in Lent. The first was on the 11th February, when was performed *The Messiah*. The principal vocal parts were sung by Messrs Norris and Reinhold, Misses Phillips and George; and the concertos were performed by Crossdill, on the violoncello, the elder Parke on the oboe, and Miss Parke (first time) on the pianoforte. This young lady displayed neat and brilliant execution, together with great taste and expression. She was loudly applauded. The leader was Mr. Richards, and the conductor at the organ Mr. Stanley, who, though blind, performed with the utmost accuracy. This eminent organ player was deprived of his sight when a child, by falling on a marble hearth with a wash-basin in his hands.

Some few years ago, his Majesty George the Third patronized and honoured with his presence the oratorios at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on the Friday evenings during Lent, conducted by Mr. Bach, the celebrated German composer, who was musician to the Queen. These performances notwithstanding were so thinly attended throughout the season that they might (as the theatrical hero has it) have been termed "a beggarly account of empty boxes." On Friday morning, General Fitzpatrick meeting Mr. Hare, the witty member of Parliament, said to him: "Do you go to the oratorio in the Haymarket this evening?" "Oh, no," replied Mr. Hare, "I have no wish to intrude on his Majesty's privacy."

The concert of ancient music, which was for the first time honoured with the presence of their Majesties, commenced at Tottenham Street, on the 19th February. Mme. Mara, Miss Abrams, Mr. Harrison, and Signor Tasca sang to the entire satisfaction of their Majesties and the subscribers. Cramer led the band, and Mr. Bates presided at the organ.

A new opera in two acts, called *The Nunery*, written by Mr. Pearce, was produced at Covent Garden on the 12th April. The overture and the rest of the music were composed by Mr. Shield, whose abilities were never more successful. At the rehearsals of it Mrs. Webb, an excellent though very irritable actress, in the line of *The Duenna*, &c., being unable to articulate the word *inexplicable*, and Mr. Harris, the manager, having frequently, though in vain, endeavoured to set her right, she at length impatiently exclaimed: "What the devil does the author mean by writing such damned nonsense in his piece?" This lady, who was one of the tallest and most bulky women I ever beheld, coming to the theatre one morning, complained of a pain in the small of her back, and was incensed beyond measure at a gentleman saying to her, "Pray, Mrs. Webb, which is the small of your back?" Mrs. Webb was a great favourite with the public, and acted in play or farce, often in both, every night. She was in the habit of recruiting herself after the fatigues of the week by dining in bed on Sundays, even in the dog days, off a hot roasted leg of pork, stuffed with sage and onions!

Mr. Hull, the respectable stage manager of Covent Garden Theatre, having determined to give for his benefit, on the 22nd April, Milton's *Mask of Comus*, and intending to bring forward, as an attractive novelty, Mrs. Pinto (the once celebrated Miss Brent, the original Mandane in Arne's *Artaxerxes*), to sing the song of "Sweet Echo," requested I would do him the favour to call on her, and rehearse it with her, the responses being made with the oboe. I accordingly went to her residence the next day, which was at a shop in Blackmoor Street, Clare Market, one half of which was occupied by a confectioner, and the other by a vender of bark and

rhubarb, a combination of callings calculated to show that the sweets of life are seldom to be met with unaccompanied by their concomitant bitters. I was introduced to Mrs. Pinto, and rehearsed the song with her. Although nearly seventy years old, her voice possessed the remains of those qualities for which it had been so much celebrated—power, flexibility, and sweetness. On the night *Comus* was performed she sung with an unexpected degree of excellence, and was loudly applauded. This old lady, as a singer, gave me the idea of a fine piece of ruins, which, though considerably dilapidated, still displayed some of its original beauties.

There were this year four grand performances of sacred music from the works of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, on the same grand scale as last year, by command of their Majesties, the profits of which were applied to the fund for decayed musicians and their families, the Westminster Hospital and St. George's Hospital. The whole of the performances, the first of which was on the 2nd June, were executed with great effect, in the presence of their Majesties and full and fashionable audiences.

A new comic opera, in three acts, written by Mr. Cobb, was presented at Drury Lane Theatre on the 8th December. It was entitled *The Strangers at Home*. The music was composed and compiled by Mr. Linley, one of the proprietors of that theatre. Mrs. Jordan, the fascinating comic actress, in the song, in male attire, "When first I began, sir, to ogle the ladies," to the old tune of Alley Croker, enraptured the audience, who honoured her with a loud encore. The music of this opera is highly creditable to the talent of Mr. Linley. Mrs. Jordan, though not what could be termed a regular singer, occasionally introduced into her characters in comedy a ballad or two, which she sang without accompaniments, in a style of such exquisite sweetness and expression, as uniformly delighted her auditors.

1786.

The Italian opera was this year aided by Signor Babini and Signora Sestini. They appeared, for the first time, in a new opera of Paesello, entitled *Il Marchese Tulipano*, under the direction of Cherubini. Babini possessed a pleasing voice, and sang with great taste. In the beautiful air, "Madamina," he was greatly applauded. This air in English words, beginning "For tenderness formed," was afterwards introduced and sung by Mrs. Crouch, at Drury Lane Theatre, in General Burgoyne's comedy of *The Heiress*, with universal approbation. Signora Sestini, as well known on the English as on the Italian stage, sang and acted with great animation; and in the duet with Tasca, "Nobile al par che bella," was loudly encored. The music of Paesello deserves the highest praise. Mme. Mara, who was engaged for the serious opera, made her debut on the 11th February, in Anfossi's *Didone abbandonata*, to the fullest house during the season. This opera afforded Mara full scope for the display of her extraordinary powers. She sang five airs, and a part in a terzetto, and in all evinced the utmost energy, taste, and expression. She was vehemently applauded. The serious opera was at length rendered complete by the first appearance of Signor Rubinelli, in conjunction with Mme. Mara, on the 4th May, in a new serious opera, composed by Tarchi, called *Virginia*. Rubinelli's figure was good, his acting chaste and expressive; and his voice (a contralto) and style of singing incomparable. He gave the utmost satisfaction, and was vehemently applauded. Mara, who, on account of her *hauteur*, had received some sharp rubs from the public, sang with great effect; and all her airs, with the exception of those she herself assumed, excited great admiration.

Shakspeare, in his *Comedy of Errors*, has drawn two characters (the two Dromios) so much alike in person that they are continually mistaken for each other. This has been generally considered a dramatic fiction, calculated to produce amusing incidents, and to bring about a striking *dénouement*; but it is believed that no such thing ever occurred in real life. This opinion, however, must be founded in error, for we have on record a well attested case, in the wife of a gentleman in France, whose twin children grew up so much alike that the mother was at length compelled to fasten a coloured ribband round the waist of one of them to distinguish him from his brother! An instance of a similar kind, in adults, which comes within my own knowledge, exists in this country. His Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, brother to George the Third, had amongst his household band of musicians two Germans, brothers, who resembled each other so strongly that when they occasionally attended separately to play on the violin at Vauxhall Gardens I have frequently discovered that I was speaking to Casper when I imagined I was addressing John. Nay, even the members of the duke's household were at a loss to recognize them when they were not together. Likenesses also, where no degree of consanguinity existed between the parties, have been so powerful that persons have been very seriously inconvenienced thereby, as the following fact will show:—there lately belonged to the orchestra of

the King's Theatre in the Haymarket a highly respectable and clever musician (a foreigner) named Gehot, who, according to the custom of the performers of that establishment, was in the habit of frequenting the Orange coffee-house on the opposite side of the street. This gentleman, as it proved, bearing a strong resemblance to a thief, was watched into the coffee-room one Monday evening, and was there apprehended for a highway robbery, committed between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the preceding Saturday night. When taken before the magistrate at Bow Street for examination the prosecutor swore most positively to his identity; and he must have been committed to prison for trial had not an alibi been clearly proved by the manager of the King's Theatre, the leader of the band, and a host of the performers swearing that he was, as usual, engaged professionally in the orchestra during the performance of an opera, from seven till twelve o'clock on the night on which the robbery was perpetrated.

The concert of ancient music commenced at Tottenham Street, January 31st. Their Majesties honoured it with their presence. The Earl of Exeter was director, Mr Cramer was the leader, and Mdme Mara and Mr Harrison the principal singers. The professional concert began in Hanover Square on the 6th February. Signor Tenducci, Signor Babini, Miss Cantelo (afterwards Mrs Harrison), and Signora Ferrerese were the singers. Clementi presided at the pianoforte, Cramer and Fischer played concertos on the violin and oboe, and Abel performed a solo on the *viol di gamba* inimitably.

A week before this concert commenced, I met Abel at dinner, at the house of Mr B——, where, according to custom, he indulged so much in the pleasures of the table that he was with some difficulty got into the drawing-room in the evening to a music party. Abel, having repeatedly refused to play, Mr Richards, who led the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre, an intimate friend of his, said to him good-humouredly, "Come, come, Abel, pray oblige us; if you'll play I'll play, though I know how much I must suffer by comparison." On hearing this, Abel, whose constitutional vanity was roused, stared at him indignantly, and exclaimed aloud, "Vat, shallenge Abel! No, no, dere ish but one *Gol* and one *Abel*!"

(To be continued.)

DIBDIN'S GRAVE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Two ladies told me that they went to see Dibdin's grave at the Cemetery, Pratt Street, Camden Town. They had great difficulty to get into the place, as the gates were closed, and no notice up with information. At last they saw a man in the place at work in a vegetable garden in the Cemetery, who, it seems, is the man in charge of the place (his name is Bloomfield). They quietly asked if they could see Dibdin's grave; he spoke to them in a very insolent manner, and after a great deal of trouble they were allowed to enter, he following them and using the most disgraceful language, so as to attract a crowd. I was so surprised that I went myself, and found it even worse than I was told. I found poor Dibdin's grave in a very bad state, dirty and scarcely readable, the rails rusty, and pieces of old bricks pushed under to keep them up. The man began the same kind of conduct, until I gave him my card, and asked him the meaning of his behaviour towards the ladies. He did not deny that the ladies had told the truth, and could not explain his insolent conduct. The cemetery was in a very neglected state, and a large heap of rubbish was shot close to Dibdin's grave, and the vegetables growing within a few inches of other graves. I went to St Martin's-in-the-Fields Church (to which the Cemetery belongs), and saw the Chaplain, but got nothing satisfactory. He said the Vicar was away, and referred me to the Churchwardens. I wrote to them nearly two months ago, and have had no answer. I now write because I know the public would not allow such a state of things to exist if it was known.—Yours, &c.,

CH. J. BISHENDEN.

20, Duke Street, Portland Place, W., Oct. 7.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Some charming examples of Astorga, Pergolesi, Rossi, &c., occur in Ashdown's "Gemme D'Antichità."—Yours truly, but painfully,

Nice, October, 1882.

R. E. L.

AUCKLAND (NEW ZEALAND).—The new church of St Benedict was consecrated on the 23rd July, the musical part of the ceremony being under the direction of Professor Carl Schmidt, who was presented by the Church Committee with a conductor's stick.

ORATORIOS.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 26, 1886,

will be performed

A Grand Selection OF SACRED MUSIC.

From the most Favourite Composers.

PART I.

OVERTURE	Occasional.
Air, Mrs BLAND 'No more with unavailing'	Bach
Recit., Mr DOYLE 'My cup is full'	
Air 'Shall I in Mamre's'	Joshua
Chorus 'For all these mercies'	
Song, Mrs SALMON 'See where gay spring'	J. Ashley
(Fagotto obbligato, Mr Holmes.)	
Cantata, Mrs DICKONS 'From rosy bowers'	Purcell
Recit., Mr BRAHAM 'O loss of sight' and	
Song 'Total eclipse'	
Chorus 'O first created beam'	Samson
Air, Signora STORACE 'Let the bright seraphims'	
(Tromba obbligato, Mr Hyde.)	
Chorus 'Let their celestial'	Samson

PART II.

Fourth Concerto	Avison.
(Violino obbligato, Mr Ashley.)	
Song, Mrs SALMON 'So shall the lute'	Judas Mac.
Duet, Mrs DICKONS and Mrs BLAND 'My faith truth'	Samson
Song, Signora STORACE 'Lord what is man'	Redem.
Chorus 'Gloria in excelsis'	Pergolesi
Air, Mr BRAHAM 'Gentle airs'	Athalia
(Accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr C. Ashley.)	
Verse, Mrs Salmon, Mrs Bland, Mr Pyne, and Mr Doyle	
'Blessed is he'	Requiem—Mozart
Song, Mrs BLAND (by desire)	
'New blessings, new life'	Dr Arne
Introduction and Chorus, 'From the censor'	Sol.

PART III.

Overture	Ariadne.
Recit., Signora STORACE 'Ye sacred priests, and	
Air 'Farewell, ye limpid'	Jephtha
Song, Mr BRAHAM 'Lord, remember David'	Redemption
Recit., Mr DOYLE 'I feel, I feel'	
Air 'Arm, arm ye brave'	Judas Mac.
Chorus 'We come, we come'	
Air, Mrs DICKONS 'The soldier tir'd'	Dr Arne
Duet, Signora STORACE & Mr BRAHAM	
'Together let us range'	Dr Boyd's Solomon
Coronation Anthem,	
'GOD SAVE THE KING.'	

Principal Vocal Performers,

SIGNORA STORACE,
Mrs SALMON, Mrs BLAND,
And Mrs DICKONS,
Mr BRAHAM,
Mr GIBBON, Mr PAYNE, Mr SMITH,
And Mr DOYLE.

Leader of the Band, Mr ASHLEY—Organ, Mr J. ASHLEY.

THE BAND and CHORUSES

(which are numerous and complete) by the most approved Performers.

In consequence of the great overflow from the PIT, the Theatrical Orchestra will in future be added to it.

* * * Correct Books of the Performance (with the Imprimatur of E. Macleish) to be had in the Theatre only, price 6d.—those Sold in the streets are spurious and imperfect.

BARCELONA.—Obiols, pupil of Mercadante, has composed a "Hymn" to be sung by the Italian opera company in the Teatro Lirico at the inauguration of the monument to Christopher Columbus.

MAESTRICHT.—The Netherlandish Society of St Gregory held its third general meeting on the 27th ult. Compositions by Arcadelt, Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Casali, &c., were performed in St Servais' Church.

ST JAMES'S HALL. MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE CONCERTS of the Twenty-fifth Season will take place as follows, viz. :—

Monday, October 16, 1882; Monday, October 23; Monday, October 30; Monday, November 6; Monday, November 13; Monday, November 20; Monday, November 27; Monday, December 4; Monday, December 11; Monday, December 18; Monday, January 8, 1883; Monday, January 15; Monday, January 22; Monday, January 29; Monday, February 5; Monday, February 12; Monday, February 19; Monday, February 26; Monday, March 5; Monday, March 12; and Monday, March 19.

Subscription Tickets will be issued for the whole Series of 21 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, Oct. 16, to March 19; price £5 5s. for each Sofa Stall.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follows, viz. :—

Saturday, October 21, 1882; Saturday, October 28; Saturday, November 4; Saturday, November 11; Saturday, November 18; Saturday, November 25; Saturday, December 2; Saturday, December 9; Saturday, December 16; Saturday, December 23; Saturday, January 13, 1883; Saturday, January 20; Saturday, January 27; Saturday, February 3; Saturday, February 10; Saturday, February 17; Saturday, February 24; Saturday, March 3; Saturday, March 10; and Saturday, March 17.

Subscription Tickets are issued for the 20 Morning Concerts, extending from Saturday Afternoon, October 21, to March 17; price £5 for each Sofa Stall.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Sextet, in G major, Op. 36, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (Brahms)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Song, "Suspicious terrors, vanish" (Handel)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Variations Sérieuses, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—M^{lle} Janotha; Scherzo, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Ries)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Song, "Intermezzo" (Schumann)—"Frühlingssied" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Carlotta Elliot; Quartet, in D minor, Op. 42, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 21, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock.

Programme.

Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti; Song, "O, ruddier than the cherry," by desire, (Handel)—Mr Santley; Sonata Quasi Fantasia, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M^{lle} Janotha; Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Naval of Athens" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in F major (No. 9 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte and violin (Mozart)—M^{lle} Janotha and M^{me} Norman-Néruda.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d. Stalls, 7s. Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be obtained at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Grosvenor Gallery Library, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheap-side; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

THE Popular Ballad Concert Committee commence their winter series of Concerts for the People this (Saturday) evening at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. In the first concert Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr John Radcliff, and other artists will take part. Mr Clifford Harrison will also give recitations, and the choir, which has been trained for the committee during the summer months by Mr W. Henry Thomas, will appear for the first time and give variety to the programme by part songs.

PLANQUETTE's new opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, has been in rehearsal for several weeks, and will be produced this evening (Saturday), at the Comedy Theatre. It promises to be a great success, as the music is said to be sparkling and beautiful, and the story well sustained from beginning to end. The dresses and scenery are unusually attractive. The composer has been present upon several occasions during rehearsal, and highly complimented all concerned upon the success of their efforts.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

THE JAVANESE GAMELAN.

That a great and healthy art-movement has London for its central pulse, that London, indeed, is becoming the very heart of the art-world, few unprejudiced persons will refuse to believe. Out of many arts more or less effete, a new art is arising to live and thrive in our modern atmosphere, and, from the radical influence exercised on it by the *Japanese* and kindred styles, the visit of *Javanese* musicians to this city must be regarded as constituting an artistic event of the utmost importance. Between the words *Japanese* and *Javanese* there is but the difference of two letters philologists tell us may easily be interchanged. And this fact alone would seem to indicate that the Djocjakartans, as our visitors are called, were related to the subjects of the Mikado. Attentive observers will soon have their minds set at rest. For the *Javanese* entertainment is suggestive of nothing so much as of an animated *Japanese* fan. The attitude, gestures, and attire of the performers, their curious voices, and the music they declaim, all tend to heighten the impression, though certain minor details should be excepted. If this product of a far away land and an old time be considered in a liberal disposition of mind, its many intrinsic beauties cannot fail to be acknowledged. *Javanese* art, now-a-days, may be likened to the ruins of a once beautiful palace, wherein music, poetry, and dancing lived in the unity of the complete drama.* After surviving countless generations of men, the palace has become a ruin covered with ivy and haunted by a ghost.

Unfamiliarity with Java and things *Javanese* need not hinder speculation, for ruins look best by night. But there is one side of ruins which, unilluminated by the moon, is generally hidden in impenetrable shade. That side consists here of the language spoken, our ignorance of which renders it quite impossible for us to appreciate what wise of connection the poetry may have with the music and dancing. Nor does the meagre information vouchsafed in the programme render much assistance. It may be said that, considering how the dramas enacted have been handed down by a long tradition to the present race, much of their significance is veiled even to the *Javanese* themselves. At all events, the *Javanese* are provided with a lantern, so to speak, where we are compelled to grope in the dark.

Concerning the musical part of the drama we are better able to form an opinion. At first, despite a certain wildness and gorgeous colouring, chiefly due to the soft yet powerful resonance of the percussion instruments, a feeling of monotony is experienced. What we hear seems disconnected, much as though each member of the orchestra were following the bent of his own caprice. Soon, however, the ear gets acclimatized, and we are swayed by an intimate charm which leaves behind it the desire for further hearing.

To describe the *Javanese* music otherwise than vaguely would be unsuitable. Suffice it to say that intermittent declamation, frequently not unmelodious, appearing and disappearing like foam on the mid-sea wave, an almost continual use of syncopation, combined with—enharmony, shall we call it?—are its characteristics. They prove the analogy and sympathy existing between the most ancient-known exemplification of art in a far away country, and what is, now and nearer home, being evolved in accordance with the spirit of the age. Many pleasing effects are noticeable—one particularly where, after a spell of unaccompanied declamation, the muffled note of the tom-tom, in a syncopated measure, joins the voices and gradually leads back the remainder of the orchestra. A piece called "Senantie Solo; or, The Flower of the Land of Solo," affords several instances of this effect.

To finish off on sundry notes which include neither the tonic nor dominant of the key is a prevalent custom, from which a

* Still harping on my Richard.—Dr Stigge.

beautiful duet, played on the harmonicon and the quaint two-stringed violin, happily deviates by arriving at a close on the tonic of the key in the minor mode. The foregoing application of the musical terms, "key" and "mode," must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The Javanese orchestra contains two harmonicons—instruments with a soft, mellow tone, whose performers display not only technical facility of a high order but also an unmistakable artistic sentiment. The two-stringed violin resembles an eccentric viola, and often sounds rather out of tune, owing, no doubt,* to the quarter-tones.

A curious feature in these performances is the absence of men's voices. The singing devolves exclusively upon the ladies of the company, whose voices and method of delivery will occasion no surprise to anybody that has previously heard the Japanese. On the dancing, which lives in the weird meandering music like a fish in water, the verdict can only be one of sincere admiration.

With Europeans, dancing is little better than a fascinating amusement.† With the Javanese, it has been exalted into a fine art, not unworthy of taking part in religious ceremonies. This is as it should be; and anything of a more truly poetic nature than this slow and graceful dancing would be hard to imagine. Of course, violent and rapid movements are almost entirely dispensed with. More use is made of the upper than the lower part of the body, the elaborate, yet lively action of the hands being full of expression. Fine differences of gesture are to be observed among the various characters of the play. We are told that the Javanese race is physically degenerate. This probably explains an over-refinement and attenuation of limb which reminds us of the Hindoo. But these exquisitely fashioned hands and lissom fingers are peculiarly well adapted to motion-designing in its subtlest intricacies. The whole aspect of the dance is harmonious, and certainly reveals the most interesting side of the Javanese drama.

In conclusion, we have only to express our firm belief that benefit could be derived from the conscientious study of the Javanese Gamelan. In many ways our taste is capable of improvement, and this exotic art, ancient and ghostlike notwithstanding, may still give us a lesson, not only in generalization, but in style:‡ let us hasten to make the best of it. By an eternal law, the stream of life must follow in the track of the sun. As our forefathers, in pre-historic time, wandered hither, following the sun, as Columbus sailed to the discovery of America, following the sun, so, with reviving influence, come even these strange Art-notes from the region of the source of all things.

We append a few reminiscences of the Javanese music—rough jottings, consisting of mere scraps and shreds of sound, only possessing some slight interest for those who have already witnessed a performance at the Westminster Aquarium. Nor do we answer for their accuracy in any way:—

EX. A.

Slowly.

Bells.

Gong.

Tomtom.

EX. B.

Slowly.

Bells.

Violin.

* —to its being played out of tune.—Dr Blidge.

† "Dancing is a mean and vulgar thing."—Bacon.

‡ "Style?" What is style?—Dr Blidge.

EX. C.

Voice.

Tomtom.

In the last example the time is difficult to define. We have taken in all the foregoing examples two or three instruments only, though the rest of the orchestra is playing throughout.

Polkaw.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—We read in the *Worcester Journal* that the grand ballad concert which was given in the nave of the Exhibition did not prove such an attraction as was anticipated, and it is doubtful whether it will result in any material contribution being made to the surplus which it is confidently expected will accrue from the holding of the Exhibition. Regarded from a musical standpoint, it was an unqualified success. The vocal portion of the programme, which comprised eighteen selections, was rendered with the efficiency which every one would expect to characterize the performances of such accomplished vocalists as Mme Marie Roze, Miss Orridge, Mr Maas, and Mr F. King. Their efforts evoked expressions of the liveliest satisfaction, and encores were rather the rule than the exception. Mme Roze rendered three solos, "Softly sighs," "Bend of the river," and "Nothing else to do," and acknowledged the demand for an encore called forth by the last-mentioned selection by singing "Coming through the Rye."* Miss Orridge was also responsible for a trio of selections, including "Huntingtower," which was enthusiastically encored. In response "The Banks of Allan Water" was given. "The Death of Nelson," "Rita," and "The Message" were sung by Mr Maas, who was in excellent voice, and gave "Come into the garden, Maud," as an encore to the first-mentioned of the songs. Mr King's efforts were fully appreciated; as was also Mr French Davis' artistic playing on the harp. Mr F. Cliffe officiated as accompanist, and opened the programme with a pianoforte solo.

[* *Who would not have come through the rye had he known that Marie Roze was an involuntary obstruction? "Gin a body kiss a body" would necessitate no further explanation.*—Dr Blidge.]

BRIGHTON.—The second of Mr A. King's series of Organ Recitals was given at the Dome on Monday afternoon. The selections were of a varied and interesting character, and Mr King played with his customary excellence. The programme consisted of—Overture to *Zauberflöte*; Andante in C (H. Smart); Prelude and Fugue in G minor (Bach); Fantasia (J. L. Hatton); Barcarolle from 4th Pianoforte Concerto (S. Bennett); Meditation on a Prelude of Bach (Gounod); Fanfare (Lemmens); and the Coronation Anthem, from *Zadok the Priest* (Handel).—At the Royal Aquarium on Monday evening, Mme Alice Barth's "Operetta Company," consisting of Misses Marchese and Yorke, Messrs Dudley Thomas, Eric Lewes, John Cross, Arthur Hyde, and H. D'Egville, gave *Widows Bewitched* and *A Storm in a Teacup*. The company will play every evening during the week. Mr. Corder's farewell concerts at the same place were given on the morning and evening of last Saturday, and on the Wednesday evening previous Mr. George Watts gave the first of his "Philharmonic Concerts," with Mme Christine Nilsson as the "star."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The Royal English Opera Company commenced a six nights' engagement at the Tyne Theatre on Monday evening with complete success. The immense auditorium was filled, and the house presented a most brilliant spectacle. The opera was Gounod's *Faust*, given with an amount of completeness and finish very satisfactory to the audience. With the exception of the Carl Rosa troupes—for whose performances the ordinary tariff of prices is always raised—no English Opera Company that can be compared with this has visited Newcastle for very many years. The task of presenting before the public operas in English, is a very difficult one, and has been fraught with disaster to many that have undertaken it. Between the palmy days of the Pyne and Harrison companies and those of Mr Carl Rosa's enterprise there was a long and dreary interregnum, during which operas in English were very often represented in a most inadequate fashion. Vincent Wallace, Balfe, Barnett, Bellini, and Verdi were often very roughly handled by some of the small and badly equipped companies that travelled the provinces, and the net results of their campaigns were generally

disastrous to the caterers who found the necessary capital for them and equally damaging to the cause they represented. They had not the means of presenting the works of the leading composers in a manner at all satisfactory to the musical public, so that section of the community was conspicuous by its absence, whilst, on the other hand, the style of entertainment which they furnished was of a kind not appreciated by the votaries of the music halls. Of course, there were brilliant exceptions to the dead level of inadequacy, and amongst these may be mentioned Mr Loveday's companies, of which Miss Florence Lancia was *prima donna*, and one or two of Mr Elliott Galer's companies. Mr Carl Rosa has made English opera an entertainment at which musical people can assist with pleasure, and the movement which he has done so much to forward will be materially aided by the success of such a *troupe* as that appearing this week at the Tyne Theatre. The Royal English Opera Company is composed of a double set of leading artists, with whose names at least every musician in the kingdom is familiar. The principal sopranos are Mesdames Blanche Cole and Rose Hersee; the tenors, Messrs Packard (late of the Carl Rosa Company) and Parkinson; the basses, Messrs Aynsley Cook (of the Carl Rosa Company), Richard Temple, and Mr James Savage; bullo and tenor, Mr Charles Lyall (late of the Carl Rosa Company). Misses Helen Armstrong and Phillipine Siell are also included in the company, together with Messrs Faulkner Leigh, Ernest Harrison, and other well-known vocalists. The conductors are Messrs Arthur Howell and Julian Edwards, the band and chorus travelling with the company numbering fifty. A *corps de ballet* is also included in its arrangements, and the leading *dansesuses* are the Sisters Annie and T. Elliott.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, Tuesday, Oct. 10.

WORCESTER.—A concert was given on Monday night at the Exhibition by the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry band combined with that of Messrs Synner and Gilmer. Mr D'Arcy Ferris sang military songs. Mr Garton presided at the organ. The total attendance was 6,582. The number admitted by season ticket and otherwise was 611, leaving the number who paid for admission 5,971 the largest attendance yet recorded.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

THE OSWESTRY FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Read the subjoined report, extracted from the columns of our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Monmouth News*:

"At the meeting of the Oswestry Festival Committee, it was reported that the late triennial festival and festival of village choirs had resulted in a total deficit of £180. It was resolved to appeal for voluntary subscriptions for the purpose of making up the deficiency."

What?—already so early with the hat?—notwithstanding the high support received! It would appear that this newly-organized Lesleyan "Festival" is likely to collapse. It is perhaps not quite distant enough from Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester to make promoters of the time-honoured "Three-choir" meetings shake in their shoes. They have existed for more than a century, and will continue to exist for another century, in spite of all preaching to the contrary. Nevertheless, 'ware Oswestry. Oswestry is a great matter. And then there is Chirk to fall back upon. 'Ware Chirk!—Yours respectfully,

P. JOYCE TWEST, M.D.

Leominster, Oct. 12.

[We have omitted a part of Dr Twest's letter as irrelevant.—*D. B.*]

GEORGETOWN (DEMERARA).—(From "The Colonist.")—Mr Miller, composer, and master of the Militia Band, proceeded to England in the "Roraima," on the 19th inst., on leave of absence. On the previous day Mr Miller was presented with a handsome silver cup, and the following address, by the members of the Portuguese Philharmonic Club:—

J. MILLER, Esq., Bandmaster.

Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the Philharmonic Club of the 1st of December, beg you will accept the accompanying Silver Cup as a token of our esteem.

The interest you have always taken in the progress of the members of our Club in their musical studies, and your universally kind and amiable ways, have endeared you to every one of us. We hope you will enjoy your trip home, and when you return it will be with renewed energy and strength that you will renew your duties with us.

A. C. Faria, Jose Martins, M. P. Jorge, M. G. Lofja, M. G. Janica, J. G. Jesus, J. J. Roza, Jose F. Goveia.

FEMALE COMPOSERS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Some of your contemporaries have lately been writing in a wondering tone as to the scarcity of female composers; and I do not see why I should not give you a woman's ideas on the subject. I admit freely that I know no feminine names among the composers of the past: but for the past I cannot account. I also admit that there are fewer composers now among women than among men; and I wish to give some reasons for that deficiency.

First, there is the grand reason that dates from Adam and Eve—I mean matrimony. Now, I am not, I hope, one of the shriekers of the world; and I honour a good matron quite as much as I honour a good old maid. At the same time, matrimony is quite enough of a profession for one woman to do well, without undertaking a second. Then, again, a young woman may often be deprived of the aid necessary for the genuine study of composition, as it is considered she is sure to marry some day; and even if she professes not to wish to marry she is kindly smiled at. This acts against the long years of persistent study necessary for composition more than it does against other arts, because there is small hope of rapid or large earnings; and the study requires more persistence in the student and outside aid from the friends.

Another reason I believe to be, in the immense strength and endurance of brain required for thorough composition. I believe that a woman's mind is quite equal to man's in what I would call *quality* (I might quote the mathematician, Dr Whewell, in support of this)—comparing, of course, exceptional with exceptional, ordinary with ordinary, dunce with dunce, and making allowance for difference of temperament. But I believe that the lesser strength of body of the woman goes against her capability for the long, hard study, the hours and hours of brain and nerve work necessary to build up the knowledge of a Mozart or Beethoven.

Now, supposing these two objections overcome, and that neither matrimony nor want of strength have hindered a woman from being a composer, there remains yet another.

I wonder whether people ever think of the amount of *fight* that is necessary for a man to make his way as a composer, and to make himself known and understood. There are many men composers not naturally fitted for fight, who prefer to remain unknown and to write on in hopes of the someday coming when their writings will make a way for themselves; and this, not from want of musical power, but from want of fighting power—want of self-exaltation. This is true of past as well as present. Now apply this to women. Is the real woman's nature fitted for fight and self-exaltation? Is not the best woman nature quiet, gentle, tender, unasserting? A good composer, being a man, must be possessed of the best of manly qualities; and being a woman, of the best womanly qualities. Now, I will not deny that a good man may be a fighter: but for a woman to be a fighter will go dangerously near taking away her womanly qualities, and then what becomes of her power of writing womanly music?

There is a great deal of woman's music in the world now. I know symphonies, overtures, quartets, operettas, and songs and choral music without end, written in spite of difficulties by different women, the knowledge of the existence of which has hardly gone beyond the composers' homes. I think if your contemporaries were so daring as to advertise, "Wanted—A Female Composer," their waste-paper basket would be very full the next day.—I remain, yours faithfully,

O. P.

CONNAUGHT THEATRE.—This theatre has been sold, subject to the approval of the Court of Chancery, by Messrs Thurgood and Martin of Chancery Lane. The premises, after decoration, will be opened under the management of Mr John Baum.

BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The revised programme for the festival, which commences on Tuesday next, is published. On Tuesday (17th) the oratorio will be Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with Miss Williams, Mr Santley and Mr Maas as principal singers, and in the evening Beethoven's Mass in D, followed by a secular selection. On Wednesday morning Gounod's *Redemption* will be given; and in the evening a miscellaneous selection, including a part ("Spring") of Haydn's *Seasons*. On Thursday morning Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, and in the evening a new cantata, *Jason*, by Mr A. C. Mackenzie (composed expressly for this festival) will be produced, the festival closing on Friday morning with Handel's *Messiah*.

WAGNER AND ROCHE.*

Edmond Roche supplemented his duties as clerk at the Board of Customs in the day-time by acting as *chef d'attaque* of the violins at the Porte Saint-Martin in the evening. On one occasion, working in his gloomy office, his attention was aroused by the noise of a somewhat lively altercation hard by. A new arrival, a German, was with difficulty struggling against the formalities which the authorities of the Customs heap up beneath the traveller's steps. Roche interposed; the stranger's name was Wagner. Making a bow, Roche placed himself at his service, and, when Wagner thanked him, replied, "I am only too happy to oblige a great artist." "You know me then!" exclaimed Wagner, surprised at finding any one attached to the French Customs familiar with his name. Roche smiled, and, for sole reply, hummed some fragments from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. "Ah!" said Wagner, in great delight; "it is a good augury. The first Parisian I meet is acquainted with and appreciates my music. I will at once write to Liszt. But we shall see each other again, Sir." And they did see each other again. The author of *Tannhäuser* had long yearned for a devoted and earnest translator, penetrated with admiration for the books as well as the music of his operas. Roche, the translator for whom Wagner had yearned, told his friend Sardou what his task was when working with Wagner on Sundays.

"At twelve, one, or sometimes and frequently two o'clock, worn out and dying with hunger, I let fall my pen and felt as though about to faint. 'What is the matter?' Wagner would inquire in great surprise.—'I am so hungry!'—'Ah! True! I never thought of that. Well, we will make haste and have a bit of something, and then go on.' So we hastily swallowed that something, and, when evening came, it found us still at work. I used to be utterly exhausted, with my head on fire and my temples feverish: I was half mad with the pursuit of the most uncouth words, while he, still erect and as fresh as the moment we began, walking to and fro, and tapping away on his piano, ended by frightening me with the big, hooked shadow which danced round me, amid the fantastic rays reflected by the lamp; like one of Hoffmann's personages, Wagner would cry out—'Go on, go on;'—filling my ears with cabalistic words and notes from other worlds."

This work, which took Roche a whole year, was destined to prove sterile. We all know about the failure of *Tannhäuser*. Perhaps it hastened the unhappy translator's death, which occurred on the 16th December. Roche carried with him to his dying moments a firm hope that the day of triumph would eventually come for his favourite composer, to whom he dedicated by way of consolation the subjoined verses:—

"Quand la Fatalité semble vous terrasser,
Penseurs, levez le front—C'est Dieu qui fait passer,
Pour que l'idée en vous se ranime et s'enflamme,
L'archet de la douleur sur les cordes de l'âme."

ALBERT DAYROLLES.

—o—
OPERA COMIQUE.

In Vienna and in all the large cities on either side of the Danube, even as far away as Constantinople, the ladies' orchestra is a recognized institution. It is impossible to go into a coffee-garden, a public singing-room, or any place where pleasure lightly resorts, without finding a band of very capable female musicians. Every instrument is pressed into the service; there are ladies with the violin and violoncello, ladies with the flute and clarinet, and ladies ready to come on with the triangle and the drum. There is nothing ungraceful in the practice; the ladies are well behaved; and if the Austrians, the Greeks, the Hungarians, the Armenians and the Turks choose to sip their coffee and drink their beer to such a musical accompaniment who shall say them nay? The ladies do not offend and the people like it.

The happy thought of introducing the ladies' orchestra to England has evidently struck Miss Lila Clay, who, owing to the extraordinary and mixed legislation connected with places of public amusement, is compelled in self-defence to seek refuge for herself and her musicians in the theatre. The music-hall would naturally be the place for a variety entertainment, however well done or however startling; but so incomprehensible are the statutes connected with those simple

words, "*Music and Dancing*," that Miss Lila Clay is no doubt well advised in seeking protection from the Lord Chamberlain instead of risking the caprice of a magistrate's licence for anything that is unusual. Accordingly playgoers at the Opera Comique on Monday night, unaccustomed to novelties, were surprised to see a stage fitted up and adorned as it would be in a Vienna beer garden. It was a startling sight. First a complete row of crimson damsels—crimson as to their gowns, and crimson as to their prominently displayed hose—then a complete row of cream-coloured ladies, then of Prussian blue, then of mauve. High up at the back was ranged the orchestra, with harps, tambourines, and timbrels, and in the centre at the piano sat Miss Lila Clay, in short white skirts, conducting her female band with much modesty and no little skill. Unfortunately, it was impossible to reproduce the taste of Vienna intact. Englishmen require stronger meat, and so to the Viennese ladies' orchestra was added just a faint flavour and suspicion of the negro serenader. The front row of crimson maidens was, in reality, a red nigger band. There was a corner woman with jokes and castanets, and an opposite corner woman with a tambourine. A solemn leader in petticoats gave out the songs with well-considered emphasis. This was the division of the programme labelled "something new," and, on the whole, it really was not very bad. The comic songs were not very inane, and some of the sentimental songs and glees were remarkably good. There was genuine enthusiasm, for instance, when Miss Alice Aynsley Cook, daughter of a well-known singer, sang the popular ballad, "Dreaming," with very excellent expression, and the genuine spirit of fun in Miss Emma d'Auban was quickly recognized. So far so good. But when the concert was over the gaiety and grace of the entertainment seemed to fade and faint, the songs, dances, and ballads that followed were of indifferent merit, and the promise of the commencement was not fulfilled except in an American shadow and boot dance, again led by the clever and vivacious Miss Emma d'Auban. Then came a decided change. The ladies filed into the orchestra proper. Miss Lila Clay, surrounded by garlands and bouquets, presided at the piano, and the curtain rose on an operetta by Mr Robert Reece and Mr Meyer Lutz, called *On Condition*, which was rather too ambitious an effort for the majority of the performers. The conductor's wand was severely wanted, and a considerable amount of discipline might have been imposed on the lady low comedians, whose vivacity was unchecked. But Miss Edith Vane and Miss Aynsley Cook did their utmost to counteract the obtrusiveness of their comic sisters. The experiment is no doubt a strange one, and though only partially successful, there were bright moments in it. But the entertainment is given in distinctly the wrong place. The variety show is not yet acclimatized to the theatre, and it may be hoped it never will be.—D. T.

—o—
MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The opera season is over, thank goodness, for *Les Huguenots*, *La Favorite*, and other "grand" works, interpreted by artists of second-rate talent, could not make the effect they ought on an intelligent audience.

The winter season has begun with vaudeville, drama, opera comique, and bouffe, and I hope, for the sake of M. Berard, it will be a success. Hitherto the theatre has not been crammed, but "*nil desperandum*." We know our manager is an excellent caterer for the public. The latest novelty has been *La Poudre d'Escampette* (by the author of *La femme à Papa*), a *folie-vaudeville* in three acts, the *mise-en-scène* of which is laid at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The plot consists of the "escampette" of the directors of a company who wish to establish at the "French Queen of Watering Places" a mineral water drinking establishment, but find that the money of the shareholders comes in better than the water, so that they appropriate the former and leave the latter to "run" by itself. Suffice it that all ends happily. An English company buys up the shares at an "enormous premium," and, in conclusion, the directors appeal to the audience to take shares, or, at all events, grant their patronage to the new company.

Le Parisien, by Ferrier, author of *Les Mousquetaires au Convent*, was played last night. *Les Braconniers* (opera-bouffe), *Les Victimes Cloîtrées* (drama), and *Nos Députés en robe de chambre*, are in rehearsal.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, October 4, 1882.

Varesi, on the conclusion of her engagement at the Philharmonie, Berlin, goes to Warsaw, where she is to sing at various concerts.

* From the *Bien Public*.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 622.)

Under the date of the 17th Floréal (6th May), I find this second letter from Cherubini to his wife. He was then preparing for his return to Paris:

"I thank you for all the news you sent me, my dear. I have hardly any to tell you in return. I have always the same song to repeat, namely: that the weather continues detestable, and that, had I thought I should have had such a bad time of it, I would have put off my visit for a month. Talking of visits, M. and Mad. Louis, and M. and Mad. Ethis, have pressed me very much to come down with you to Chartreuse next summer. I should be delighted, if the idea suited you, and my business allowed me to carry it out. Mad. Ethis, who is going to Paris in a few days, is sure to invite you. All the inhabitants of La Chartreuse desire their kind remembrances. I am sorry the concert is given on the 9th of the decade;* had I only known it, I would have set out from here a day earlier, so as to arrive in Paris on the 19th. But my place is taken in the coach, and I am now unable to make any change. It is not necessary for you to answer this, for your answer would not find me here. I suppose that on the day of the concert you will dine at M. Sageret's, for I am sure he has invited you. Do not refuse, for it would not be polite on your part to reject his amiable attentions. As for your brother's marriage, I am not at all offended at his contracting it without me. On the contrary, I am glad he spared me the trouble of it. All the worse for him if he is wanting in respect towards his parents. But who were the witnesses who attended the ceremony? You must tell me all this on my return. Papa† sent me a letter in which he tries to excuse himself for not being able to prevent his son's marriage being solemnized without me. I am about to reply to set his mind at ease and show that my tranquillity is not disturbed by the matter. I am delighted the public acted justly to Méhul: they were certainly bound to give him that slight compensation. I wrote two days ago, endeavouring to console him for the disappointment he has had. He has doubtless told you so himself.‡ Best compliments to everybody. I thank all who have tried to amuse you during my absence. Good bye, dear, I shall see you soon. A kiss for my Victorine and the same for you. Your faithful husband,

"CHERUBINI."

We learn from this letter that Cherubini had returned to Paris by the early part of May, 1797. He, no doubt, immediately resumed his duties at the Conservatory, and appears not to have engaged in any kind of composition, for his catalogue at this epoch is perfectly dumb. However, an unexpected circumstance was about to make him shake off for a moment his inaction. The sudden death, with the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, of Hoche, that hero who, like Bayard, might be called the chevalier without fear and without reproach, had struck France with stupor. Paris determined on rendering striking homage to the glorious soldier, grand patriot, and noble citizen, whose soul was characterized by virtues worthy of the times of antiquity. To carry out this idea, Joseph-Marie Chénier and Cherubini were commissioned to write the words and music of a grand lyric scene to be executed simultaneously at the Opera and the Théâtre Feydeau. It was entitled the *Pompe funèbre du général Hoche*, and performed, as intended, at the two theatres mentioned on the 19th Vendémiaire, Year VI (11th October, 1797). The programme was published with Chénier's verses, and is curious enough to induce me to quote it:§

Scene of the third act of *Roméo*.—Towards the centre, and raised a few steps, the sarcophagus of the hero-pacifcator. It is covered with a tricolour cloth and surmounted by a funeral urn, surrounded by palms of victory and all the attributes of a general's rank. At the rising of the curtain, a Woman in tears is leaning against the tomb; on the opposite side, some distance off, a group of Old Men, motionless with grief; on the steps, fronting the audience, a young Child, supported by its Mother and gracefully presenting an offering

as pure as justly deserved. On the left, in front of the stage, a group of Women and Maidens, invoking the Supreme Being. To the right, on the same level, a Mother presses with emotion her two sons to her breast, while the father, already of a certain age, holds the eldest of the boys by the hand and seems to indicate to the Hero's spirit that they are being brought up to defend in their turn the cause for which the Hero died. Behind them is an Ensign in an attitude of despair; a little further, on a raised platform, there is seen a group of Women offering as a model to several Generals him whose exploits have conducted him to immortality. A General-in-Chief, stationed at the back of the stage, has in his hand a crown of laurel and cyprus, which he holds out from a distance towards the mausoleum. All the Staff take part in this act of homage. The tricolour flag is majestically suspended at the top of the picture, which is surrounded by various bodies of National Guards under arms. After a long silence, and at three rolls of the drums separated by as many blows on the tamtam, the picture is further developed; a funeral march begins. The Maidens respectfully approach the tomb, which they salute and then commence in chorus the first stanza of a funeral hymn; at the burden, they lay down their garlands and cover with flowers the steps of the sarcophagus. More rolls on the drums and more blows on the tamtam. The Old Men advance, the other personages making way for them; they sing the second stanza of the hymn; at the burden, they pass before the tomb, and, in their turn, lay down oak branches as a tribute of their gratitude. At the same time, the General-in-Chief, followed by all the Staff, comes down the stage and crowns the funeral urn. His comrades in arms, grouped round the mausoleum, indicate that this act of homage is that of their hearts. They sing the third stanza. At the burden, the Commander-in-Chief and his followers draw their swords, and cross them over the tomb. At a given signal, all the Troops hasten down the stage and defile past the sarcophagus. The Women, by a counter-march, advance simultaneously to the highest part of the platform previously occupied by the Troops. The fourth stanza is sung; the Troops give a running fire, and a general group, arranged in a manner contrary to that at the beginning, terminates the ceremony. The curtain falls amid the beating of drums and a military flourish of trumpets.

"HYMNE FUNÈBRE, PAR CHÉNIER, MUSIQUE DE CHERUBINI.

"LES FEMMES.

"Du haut de la voûte éternelle,
Jeune héros, reçois nos pleurs;
Que notre douleur solennelle
T'offre des hymnes et des fleurs.
Ah! sur ton urne sépulcrale
Gravons ta gloire et nos regrets;
Et que la palme triomphale
S'élève au sein de tes cyprès.

"LES VIEILLARDS.

"Aspirez à ses destinées,
Guerriers, défenseurs de nos loix:
Tous ses jours furent des années;
Tous ses faits furent des exploits.
La mort qui frappa sa jeunesse
Respectera son souvenir:
S'il n'atteignit point la vieillesse,
Il sera vieux dans l'avenir.

"LES GUERRIERS.

"Sur les rochers de l'Armorique
Il terrassa la trahison;
Il vainquit l'hydre fanatique
Semant la flamme et le poison.
La guerre civile étouffée
Cède à son bras libérateur;
Et c'est là le plus beau trophée
D'un héros pacificateur.

"Oui, tu seras notre modèle;
Tu n'as pas terni tes lauriers;
Tu vois libre, ta voix fidèle,
Est toujours présente aux guerriers.
Aux champs d'honneur où vit ta gloire,
Ton ombre, au milieu de nos rangs,
Saura captiver la victoire
Et punir encor les tyrans."

(To be continued.)

* A grand concert given at the Théâtre Feydeau on the 19th Floréal.

† "Papa" was M^{me} Cherubini's father.

‡ The piece meant is still *Jeune Henri*. In consequence of the worthlessness of the libretto, by Bouilly, the work was a failure, and was not allowed to be finished, despite the beauties scattered about the score. But, while hissing the librettist, the audience wished to do justice to the musician, and enthusiastically encored the overture. The latter survived the shipwreck, and became celebrated under the title of "La Chasse du Jeune Henri."

§ Programme of the "*Pompe funèbre du général Hoche*," performed for the first time at the Theatre in the Rue Feydeau, on the 19th Vendémiaire, Year VI of the French Republic.—Seven pages, 8vo.

"YES, I HAVE DARED TO LOVE THEE."

This little ballad, which is causing such a sensation in the fashionable world,—has thrown so many a tea-table into confusion, and cooled the muffin on the lip of female beauty—this little ballad had its origin in the following startling incident:—In an aristocratic family, not five thousand miles from Belgravia, the youngest daughter of the house was a creature all gaiety and gushiness, who added to the carol of the lark, the eye of the eagle, the neck of the stag, and the ringlets of the raven. That heart, having all the softness of the sponge, had absorbed the delicious ballad of "Will you love me then as now," and she was in the habit of trilling it out from morning till night in her boudoir not five thousand miles from Belgravia.

Among the numerous serving-men in the vast establishment of her father was one who evidently had a heart of Indian-rubber bounding about under a waistcoat of red plush, and who, in the course of his duties, frequently came into close communication with the Belgravian maiden. His impressive fancy soon took the image of the eagle-eyed, stag-necked, raven-ringleted creature, and the rosy fetters of Cupid were continually tripping him up when he entered with the coals, or came to deliver the card, the message or the *billet*. This went on for some time, until on one occasion he entered the *salon* just as the syren of Belgravia had commenced her accustomed word-larking of the popular ballad, "Will you love me then as now?" when, seized with a sudden inspiration—the bounding heart fluttering under the waistcoat, causing him to forget the plush, and reducing him as it were to a non-plush,—the sensitive serving-man bust forth with the passionate exclamation of "Yes, I have dared to love thee!" A popular composer, hearing of the incident, availed himself of the circumstance with his usual tact, and the result has been the ballad, which is now in every lady's mouth, upon every lady's piano, and in every boarding-school music bill.—Punch.

"YESTERDAY."*

(For Music.)

A rose tapped at my window-pane
But yesterday—but yesterday!
It said: "The summer's here again!"
(But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!)
"Then wander in the garden ways,
And hear what one who loves you says,
For love is for these golden days,"
Oh, yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
The sun is shining—the roses bloom,
But Life and Summer must pass away,
And Love will linger a night—a noon,
And then—it will be yesterday!
The grass was green and gold with flowers
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
And oh, the brief and laughing hours
Of yesterday—of yesterday!
We lingered in the jasmine bowers,
Our feet were set in summer flowers;
A little space of love was ours
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
The sun is shining, &c., &c.
* * * * *
It seems a weary while ago
That yesterday—that yesterday!
My heart it was not aching so
But yesterday! Sweet yesterday!
There is no rose upon the tree,
The breeze it sighs so wearily,
And all we dreamt of—cannot be
Since yesterday! Oh, yesterday!
The sun is shining, &c., &c.

* Copyright.

RITA.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE GREAT ORGAN.—The great organ in the Crystal Palace transept has been for some months in course of thorough reconstruction by its builders, Messrs Gray & Davison, and will be inaugurated to-day (Saturday), by Mr. A. J. Eyre, organist to the company. Arrangements have been made for recitals by the most distinguished English and foreign organists on successive Saturdays.

WAIFS.

BALFE.—I read in the papers that a memoir of the Life and Work of Michael William Balfe, the gifted composer of the *Bohemian Girl* and of a hundred works as charming, which will live as long as English music lives, is in the press. The author of the memoir is Mr W. A. Barrett; and the book, it is hoped, will be ready by Oct. 20th next, the anniversary of Balfe's death, and the day fixed for the unveiling of the monumental tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey.—G. A. S., *Illustrated London News*, Sept. 19.

ALBANI.—We are happy to inform our readers that M^{me} Albani has most kindly consented to sing at a concert to be given in the New Public Hall, in aid of the Broadway Church Restoration Fund, on Tuesday, the 14th or 18th November; and it is expected that several distinguished amateurs will assist on the occasion.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

Max Bruch is expected in America next month.

Engel, the tenor, has been singing at Aix-les-Bains.

Mad. Wilt has begun a series of performances at Trieste.

Ponchielli is writing a Mass for the Cathedral, Bergamo.

Mad. Zagury-Harris has signed with Mr Mapleson for America.

Rafael Joseffy, the pianist, remains in New York another year.

Mr J. Rosenthal, the accomplished violinist, has returned to town. Scalchi, the contralto, is engaged by Mr Mapleson for his American season.

The Italian season at the Teatro Solis, Montevideo, was a failure.

Stagno, the tenor, was lately in Milan, and may possibly appear at the Scala.

Campanini, Mr Mapleson's once most cherished tenor, has been singing at Parma.

Suppé's *Donna Juanita* is in preparation at the Teatro de la Alhambra, Madrid.

After her benefit at Messina, Teresa Singer's admirers gave her a torchlight serenade.

It is said that Angelo Neumann will take his *Nibelungen* Company next month to Milan.

A new Politeama, accommodating upwards of 2,000 persons, has been opened at Alessandria.

A new ballet, *La Cetra incantata*, by Pulini, has been produced at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

An Italian opera company, under Scalvini, has been performing at the Alhambra Theatre, Madrid.

The "Théo" is expected back in Paris some time next month. (Happy Parisians!—Dr Blügel.)

Aimée has cancelled her engagement with Maurice Grau, and will not revisit America for the present.

Bianca Bianchi will fulfil an engagement in November at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Tamberlik, "the Great," is at the Circo-Teatro, Vigo, in the double capacity of manager and singer.

The pupils and admirers of the late Theodor Kullak intend erecting a monument over his grave at Berlin.

Kleopatra, an opera by W. Freudenberg, is to be brought out next month at the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden.

After an interval of nearly thirty years, Spontini's *Vestale* has been revived at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Desirée Artôt and her husband, Padilla, have gone to Baden, to sing at a concert before the Empress of Russia.

Mr Wilhelm Ganz has arrived in town from his tour in Germany, returning via Frankfort, Mayence, and Cologne.

It is said that Friedrich-Materna, accompanied by a full German operatic company, will revisit America next season.

The season at the Teatro Lirico, Barcelona, was inaugurated with *Rigoletto*, to be followed shortly by *Die Zauberflöte*.

Gisela Koppmayer, a pupil of Mad. Marchesi's, has made her *début* as Amneris, in *Aida*, at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

After the conclusion of the Italian opera season at Athens, the company left to fulfil an engagement in Constantinople.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* is to be performed, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, this winter at Chicago.

Among the novelties announced for the approaching Italian season in Cadiz are Boito's *Mefistofele* and Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*.

The first theatres in Germany lighted by electricity will probably be the Court, Residence, and Gärtnerplatz Theatre, Munich.

A buffo opera, *La bella Portoghese*, music by La Monaca and Rispetto, has been produced at the Teatro Metastasio, Rome.

Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist, will play in November and December at the concerts of the Rhenish Musical Association.

The principal characters in Boito's *Mefistofele* at the Teatro Real, Madrid, will be sustained by Teodorini, Masini, and Nannetti.

Aglaja Orgeni (once a *prima donna* under the late Mr Frederick Gye), is fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

Coleridge was not a member of the Blue Ribbon Army. Did he not say: "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink"?

Sangiorgi, the composer, already a Knight of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, has been decorated with the Cross of Italy.

An opera, from the pen of a young composer, English by birth, but educated in Paris, is promised at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

A fire, broke out on the 25th ult. in the Theatre at Oerebro, Sweden, and left only the bare walls standing. No lives were lost.

Hofmann's opera, *Aennchen von Tharau*, will shortly be given, under the direction of Arno Kleffel, at the Stadttheater, Magdeburgh.

Annie Tellini (von Thelen), formerly *prima donna* at the Stadttheater, Bremen, is engaged—to Lieut. Col. von Walthoffen, Vienna.

David Popper is in Lisbon, whence the violoncellist (husband of Sophie Menter, the pianist), starts on a six months' tour in Spain and Portugal.

Several managers in Italy have announced their intention of giving performances for the benefit of sufferers through the inundations there.

Two new compositions, a Mass, and an "Ave, Maris Stella," by Ciro Pinsuti, were recently performed at a church festival in Sin-lunga, (Italy).

Léo Delibes spent two or three days in Brussels lately, to superintend the initiatory rehearsals of his *Jean de Nivelle*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

Abbey intends giving three "Christine Nilsson Concerts" at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 28th and 30th November, and the 2nd December.

A three-act buffo opera, *Die Jungfrau von Belleville*, music by Millocker, has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Carmen will be played this autumn at Treviso, Vicenza, Ancona, and Palermo; *Mignon*, at Florence, Genoa, Vicenza, Cagliari, Madrid, and St Petersburg.

Mme Leslino, formerly of the Grand Opera, Paris, has completed a very successful twelve nights' engagement with the Italian opera company, Warsaw.

Emil Paur, *Capellmeister* at Mannheim, has written a Violin Concerto, which E. Sauret, the violinist, will include in his repertory for the coming season.

The "Florentine Orchestra," consisting of 70 performers, 12 of whom are soloists, will shortly make a concert tour through Austro-Hungary and Germany.

Teresina Tua, the young violinist, has played by special invitation at the Imperial Palace, Potsdam. The Crown Prince was profuse in his compliments.

In setting up the "costly trousseau of the bride," the compositor of course got it "trousers," and it was some time before the editor could pacify the angry bridegroom.

Nothing positive is yet known concerning Gayarre's reported engagement at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.—(This would, to untutored intelligence, seem more or less credible.—Dr Blüdge.)

Aida is being performed at Genoa for the sixth time. On the first occasion it ran 32 nights; on the second, 16; on the third (with Adelina Patti), 2; on the fourth, 8; and on the fifth, 18; making a total of 76.

The Municipality of Verona have determined to hand over, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, the sum intended for the Teatro Filarmonico, which will consequently remain closed during the Carnival.

NEW NOVEL.—Charles Quentin's new novel, published by Richard Bentley & Son, is entitled *A Fearless Life*. We look forward with lively curiosity to the perusal of another work from the pen that wrote *Through the Storm*.

At the exhibition held at Christchurch, New Zealand, a gold medal was awarded to Messrs P. J. Smith & Co., of Bristol and Princes Street, London, for their iron-strutted pianofortes, all of which found purchasers in the colony.

La Primavera, a "Symphonic Poem," by Sig. Nodoreda, was performed at a recent concert of the Euterpe Vocal Association, Barcelona. ("Symphonic Poem" is a convenient name for those who, like Liszt, cannot compose a symphony.—Dr Blüdge.)

CHANGE.

When the autumn leaves are fall- ing, Blown o'er hill and dale apace, Tell me, can I but remember That sad look in that sad face?	When the springtime, with its fresh- ness, Brought back brightness to those I forgot the autumn sadness When I saw the orbs I prize.
---	--

Yes! I prize them summer, winter,
Autumn, springtime, and a look
Tells me there is no more sadness,
And I read them—as a book!

Boulogne-sur-Mer, September, 1882.

X. T. R.

CATANIA.—The unveiling of the Bellini Monument has again been put off—this time for a year. The principal reason assigned for the postponement is a wish that the new Theatre, which will bear the composer's name, and is still in an incomplete state, may be inaugurated simultaneously with the Monument.

THE Royal Albert Hall was filled "to the roof" on Thursday night, the occasion being Mme Christine Nilsson's and Mr Sims Reeves' "Benefit Concert" and the last appearance this year of Mme Nilsson, who leaves England for a lengthened concert-tour in America. Particulars in our next.

AN EXTINCT RACE.—From the *Trovatore* we learn that Veluti was the last "man-soprano" who sang at the Milan Scala. He did so in 1814. It was chiefly owing to Rossini that such male sopranos made way for female contraltos.* In 1798, on the other hand, a woman, Giazotti, assumed male attire and sang the soprano part in Zingarelli's *Pirro*, and in 1806, Schmalz, followed her example, in Nicolini's *Abenamet e Zoraide* and Federici's *Idomeneo*.

* Bravissimo, Rossini! Twenty Wagners in one—or rather, no Wagners in twenty.—Dr Blüdge.

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"Messrs Boosey & Co. have published two additional volumes of their National Songs, which appear likely to be the most interesting of the series. We know little of the rich repertory of Scandinavian Songs, and Mr and Miss Kappey, the editors of these books, are to be thanked for introducing some of the best specimens to public notice. Five of the Russian songs are so old as to be traditional; and in the series are to be found a beautiful Cossack lullaby by one Bachmetieff, a gipsy song by Lvoff, and several songs by Warlamoff. These and the Polish songs (all of which are traditional) may be considered among the most interesting items of a small but acceptable collection. Two ancient Lithuanian songs, a couple of Finnish, and four ancient Norwegian melodies, will likewise be found in the book. The majority of the Swedish songs are by Lindblad, that prolific song writer, who died in

1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as Mme Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and the peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro*.

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